

BILL ARP'S LETTER

President Roosevelt "Touched Up" By Bartow Philosopher.

HAS BOTH GOOD AND BAD TRAITS

William Would Willingly Forgive Him if He Would Apologize For Hard Things Said of Southerners.

As old Uncle Bob Rogers said, "The southern people are the most forgiveness people in the world." They will suffer more and suffer longer, and then if their enemy smiles on 'em and feeds 'em with a little sugar, they will lick his hand and forgive him.

I was ruminating about this when I read of the president's visit to Charleston, and the grand ovation they gave him. It hasn't been two months since he said in public at a banquet that our secession was anarchy. It hasn't been very long since he wrote in his life of Tom Benton this sentence: "Before Jefferson Davis took his place among the arch traitors, he had already been known as one of the chief repudiators of his state, and it was but natural that to dishonesty he should add treachery to the public." Mississippi did repudiate her public debt, and so did Michigan and some other northern states, but Mr. Roosevelt singles out a southern state to give a slam at Mr. Davis and the south. Now the truth is that Mr. Davis had nothing in the world to do with it. It was done before he came into public life or had anything to do with public affairs. I reckon Roosevelt got it from John Stuart Mills's slanderous history when he says, "Mr. Davis was governor of Mississippi, and when the legislature passed a bill to pay the repudiated bonds he vetoed it." What a monstrous lie! Mr. Davis never was governor of Mississippi, and no such bill was ever passed. Again, Mr. Roosevelt says in his book, "The moral difference between Benedict Arnold on the one hand and Aaron Burr or Jefferson Davis on the other is the difference between a politician who sells his vote for money and one who supports a bad measure to get a high political position."

What malignant venom there must be in a man who would class Jefferson Davis with Arnold and Burr; what amazing ignorance of historical facts to call him an arch traitor and a chief repudiator when at the very time of the repudiation he was organizing a regiment to fight the battles of his country on the soil of Mexico. There he was desperately wounded, and for five years went on crutches. Our southern people regard Jefferson Davis with emotions of the highest admiration, and I have supreme contempt for the ignorant or malignant historians and politicians who assail him. It gratifies me immensely that the president and General Miles have fallen out, and that Miles got the worst of it, though I don't know who deserves the most scorn, the president for slandering Mr. Davis or Miles for putting shackles on him.

Now if Roosevelt was man enough to retract what he wrote and ascribe it to ignorance or misinformation, he could restore himself to some extent to the favor of our people, for it is a fact that we are the most forgiving people on the earth, but I have never yet known a Yankee politician to apologize for anything he did. They are the saints. The G. A. R.'s invite our boys to banquet with them, but they don't apologize, and they won't vote us a pension to save our lives. I don't understand the president, and my opinion is he don't understand himself. I don't believe he has mind enough to know his own mind. If he is really for civil war reform and an honest government, what did he turn out Evans for and put in a figurehead, unless it was to tickle the G. A. R.'s (grab all rascals) and get their influence in the next nominating convention. Perhaps he is himself the man "who supports a bad measure to get high political position."

Well, of course any son-of-a-gun can get a pension now, and some who never had a gun. I believe a confederate soldier can get one by greasing the pension agent. Only last week one of our esteemed fellow citizens had business that called him to a city in New York state and on being introduced to the pension agent as Captain — he was asked what service he had in. He replied, "In the Virginia army."

So was I," said the agent. "Have you gotten a pension?" "No," said the captain. "Well, let me make out your application; it is time you had one." The captain humored him for some time while he was filling up the blank. "Were you at the surrender?" said he. "I was," said the captain. "Whose command were you in then?" said the agent. "General Wade Hampton's," said the captain. "The devil, you say;

you were a rebel, then. Gentlemen, here is the first rebel I have ever made out a pension claim for, and he looks like such a gentleman. I've a good notion to send it up and get him one." The captain says he could have gotten one as easy as falling off a log, if he had just lied a little. Newt Tumbler told me a long time ago that the only way to get even with the republicans was to grease 'em or fine 'em, but it was safer to do both.

But our people will forgive Teddy if he will apologize for the past and behave in the future. He has some good traits, which he inherited from his mother, but his impulses and emotions are not well balanced. His gun goes off half cocked and he shoots with the double wabbies. I think he has about let the nigger alone and so has the north generally. We lynched one in Rome the other day and I have never seen any mention of it in their papers. Our governor didn't even offer a reward nor has the circuit judge made any fuss about it. I reckon the towns and cities will now sympathize with the country people, for the crime in this case was committed in the very center of the city, and so was the lynching, and nobody was disguised. I have been in favor of lynching ever since they burned that negro in Dallas, Tex., and I am still. When they lynch one they ought to pick out about a dozen bad ones and whip them and make them leave the country. That's the way they do in Texas. Every community is in danger from mean, idle negroes. Whose wife or daughter will be the next victim?

If Teddy had been in Rome, I wonder what he would have done. I believe he would have joined the lynchers. Why not? He is killing them by the thousands in the Philippines for no crime except loving their country. Our so-called soldiers are putting them to torture of the most horrible kind, and burning their towns, and call it a war for the honor of the flag. It makes the blood boil to read about it. They learned all this from Sherman during our civil war, and have improved upon the lesson that he taught them. But I won't ruminate about it any longer. It makes me heart sick to ponder upon the iniquities of this administration. Those ten million negroes cost us \$2 a head, and it has already cost us \$200 a head to subdue them, and we have hardly begun. Let me go out and dig some in the garden.

P. S.—An old soldier, C. W. Shipp, of Water Valley, Miss., sends me his photo as he lies in bed, where he has been for twenty-two years, paralyzed from wounds received at the battle of Franklin. He enlisted in company G, First Mississippi Infantry; was in the fight at Fort Donaldson and Fort Hudson, and followed Hood from Atlanta to Tennessee; was wounded at battle of Franklin and taken prisoner. He has written a poem and dedicated it to his comrades. His home has an old debt of \$400 hanging over it, and will be sold before long. How many of the veterans who are going to Dallas will send him a dollar or half a dollar to save his old home? He will send each one his picture and a copy of his poem.

B. A. P. S.—I receive letters every mail asking questions or wanting favors of some sort. I answer those that have stamps inclosed.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Natural Ice House.

On the north side of Stone Mountain in Scott County, Virginia, there is a perfect natural ice house. The bed of ice is but a few inches thick in some places and several feet in others, and covers a full acre of ground. It is protected from the heat of the sun by a thick growth of moss like that which hangs from the oak trees of Texas and Louisiana.

The most feasible explanation of this wonderful natural ice supply is that at one time the water covered the earth in a liquid state, but gradually become congealed while the moss formed upon the surface.

This would, of course, presuppose that the freezing process went on during warm as well as cold weather. This would be possible if there was a formation of either beneath the ice, which is highly probable.

This discovery was made some time ago by an old settler, but the land on which it was situated could not be bought, and he refused to tell its whereabouts, and died without revealing the secret.

One of the Astor family is reported as having said that no one can be called a gentleman who has not enjoyed a university education. How much money besides is necessary for the distinction is not mentioned, but a "poor gentleman" is gradually becoming a misnomer. It does not appear, however, that the honest old fur dealer who was the first of the Astors had more than a common school education, and little of that; but he was more of a gentleman than many of his descendants, remarks the Philadelphia Record.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

Preached a Short Time Before His Death.

Subject: Danger in Delay—The Folly of Postponing the Acceptance of the Gospel Invitation—Sympathy For the Skeptics—Time to Be Religious.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, the folly and danger of postponing the acceptance of the gospel invitation are exposed on the text, Luke xiv, 18, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

After the invitations to a levee are sent out the regrets come in. One man apologizes for non-attendance on one ground, another on another ground. The most of the regrets are founded on prior engagements. So in my text a great banquet was spread, the invitations were circulated, and now the regrets come in. The one gives an agricultural reason, the other a stock dealer's reason, the other a domestic reason. All poor reasons. The fact was, they did not want to go. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

Now God spreads a great banquet. It is the gospel feast, and the table reaches across the hemisphere, and the invitations go out, and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of the chalice of God's love, while other multitudes decline coming, the one giving this apology, and the other giving that apology, "and they all with one consent begin to make excuse." I propose, so far as God may help me, to examine the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life.

Apology the first: I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian religion. It is pleaded that there are so many impositions in this day; so many things that seem to be real are sham. A gilded outside may have a hollow inside. There is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity and after awhile they glide that incredulity to collide with our holy religion. But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many wounds it has saved! How many pillars of fire it has lifted in the midnight wilderness! How many sinners it has turned into the gardens of the Lord! How it hath stilled the chopped sea! What rosy light it hath sent streaming through the rift of the storm-cloud! What pools of cool water it hath gathered for thirsty Hagar and Ishmael! What manna whiter than coriander seed it hath dropped all around the camp of hardy bearded pilgrims! What promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around deathbeds, through the darkness that lowers into the sepulcher! What flashes of resurrection morn!

Besides that, this religion has made so many heroes. It brought Sumner, the Methodist, across the Atlantic ocean with his silver trumpet to blow the acceptable year of the Lord until it seemed as if all our American cities would take the kingdom of heaven by violence. It sent Jehudi Ashman into Africa alone, in a continent of naked barbarians, to lift the standard of civilization and Christianity. It made John Milton among poets, Raphael among painters, Christopher Wren among architects, Thorwaldsen among sculptors, Handel among musicians, Dupont among military commanders, and to give new wings to the imagination and better balance to the judgment and more determination to the will and greater usefulness to the life and grander nobility to the soul there is nothing in all the earth like our Christian religion. Nothing in religion? Why, then, all those Christians were deceived when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castles of the blessed, and your child, that with unutterable agony you put away into the grave, you will never see him again or hear his sweet voice nor feel the throb of his young heart. There is nothing in religion? Sickness will come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow; no relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp; no relief. Christ never comes to the sick-room. Let the pain stab; let the fever burn; curse it and die. There is nothing in religion? After awhile death will come. You will hear the paving of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take flight—whither, whither? There is no God, no ministering angels to conduct, no Christ, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion? Oh, you are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory!

And yet the world is full of skeptics. And let me say there is no class of people for whom I have a warmer sympathy than for skeptics. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them, we caricature them. We instead of taking them by the soft hand of Christian love clutch them with the iron pinchers of ecclesiasticism. Oh, if you knew how those men had fallen away from Christianity and become skeptics you would not be so rough on them! Some were brought up in homes where religion was overdone. The most wretched day in the week was Sunday. Religion was driven into them with a trip-hammer. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were told by their parents that they were the worst children that ever lived because they liked to ride down hill better than to read "Pilgrim's Progress." They never heard their parents talk of religion but with the corners of the mouth drawn down and the eyes rolled up. Others went into skepticism through maltreatment on the part of some who professed religion. There is a man who says: "My partner in business was conspicuous in prayer meeting, and he was officious in all religious circles, but he cheated me out of \$3000, and I don't want any of that religion." Then there are others who get into skepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions, why or how? How can God be one being in three persons? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a complete sovereign and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand why a holy God lets sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say: "Here is a great mystery; here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and godless all her days; she lives on to be an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother, training her children for God and for heaven, self-sacrificing, Christlike, indispensable seemingly to that household; she gets a cancer and dies." The skeptic says, "I can't explain that." Neither can I.

I can see how men reason themselves into skepticism. With burning feet I have trodden that blistering way. I know what it is to have a hundred nights poured into one hour. There are men in the arid desert of doubt who would give their thousands of dollars if they could get back to the old religion of their fathers. Such men are not to be caricatured, but helped, and not through their hands, but through their hearts. When these men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic, Robert Hall once a skeptic, Christmas Evans once a skeptic; but when they did lay hold of the gospel chariot how they made it speed ahead! If, therefore, I address men and women who have drifted away into skepticism, I throw out no seed; I rather implant you by the memory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayer and those other days of sickness when she watched all night and gave you the medicines at just the right time and turned the pillow when it was hot and with hand long ago turned to dust soothed your pains and with that voice you will never hear again unless you join her in the better country, told you never mind, and by that dying couch where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her; it is good enough for you. Aye, I make a better plea: By the wounds and the death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you in infinite love with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back, crying, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest!"

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temperament. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others, but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb or to an abyss that it could not fathom or to a bondage that it could not break. The wildest horse that ever trod Arabian sands has been broken to bit and trace.

The maddest torrent tumbling from mountain shelving has been harnessed to the mill wheel and the factory band, setting a thousand shuttles all a-buzz and a-clatter. And the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the grass. Peter, with nature tempestuous as for an sea that he once tried to walk, at one look from Christ went back, and wept bitterly. Rich harvest of grace may be grown on the summit of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and rock.

Though your disposition may be all a-bristle with fretfulness, though you have a temper as gleam with quick lightning, though your avarice be like that of the Pharisee, crying, "Give!" though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all consuming fire, God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness He can say, "Let there be light."

The best place for a skillful doctor is in a neighborhood where there are all poor doctors, the best place for an enterprising merchant is where there is a store in a place where the bargain makers do not understand their business, and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christian, the best place for you is to come right down among us who are so incompetent and so inconsistent sometimes. Show us how. Give us an example.

Exhortations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red Sea which divides this world from the next, and note the inconsistency of Christians, but the rod of faith, will wave back the waters as a commander wheels his host. The judgment will come, with its thunder shod solemnities. Oh, then we will not stop and say, "There was a mean Christian; there was an impure Christian." In that day as now, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou carest thou alone shall bear it." Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians, so far from being an argument to keep you away from God, ought to be an argument to drive you to Him.

No time to be religious here! You have no time now to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat on your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet.

Better travel on toward eternity bareheaded and barefooted and houseless and homeless and friendless than to go through life without religion.

Did religion make Raleigh any less of a statesman? Or Beowulf any less of a soldier, or Grinnell any less of a merchant or West any less of a painter?

Why, my friends, religion is the best security in every bargain; it is the sweetest note in every song; it is the brightest gem in every coronet. No time to be religious? Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven.

No time to secure the friendship of Christ? No time to buy a lamp and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the tombstones? No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors or the hand for choral harps or the ear for everlasting songs or the soul for honor, glory and immortality? One would think we had time for nothing else.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send regrets and say, "I will come in perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock; I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." I do yet! Not yet! Now, I do not give any doubtful view of this life. There is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doubtful view of human life.

I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds and, the race coming on, the most of them falling down through the first span and all of them falling down through the last span.

It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says, "The sky is good and the earth is good; that which is bad is between the earth and the sky."

But, while we as Christian men are bound to take a cheerful view of life, we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty and that man who says, "I can't become a Christian because there is time enough yet," is running a risk infinite.

You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper and that you are gathering up a rash and velocity which after awhile may not answer to the brakes.

Be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God. It does not seem fair that while our pulses are in full play of health we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the recipient of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves and then, when the ship is crushed in the rocks, give to God the shattered timbers. It is a great thing

for a man on his dying pillow to repent, better that than never at all; but how much better, how much more generous, would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! As I was thinking of this one day while coming down over the Alleghany Mountains at noon, by that wonderful pass which you all have heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the trail almost turns back again upon itself, as you see how appropriate is the name of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon, I seemed to me as if the great course of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into limitless space. So short is time so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This moment voices ro down the sky and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disengagement. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your feet pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are at this hour ready with volume of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

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NEWSY CLEANINGS.

The meat famine has affected London.

The March gold output at Johannesburg was 104,127 ounces.

A new political party, organized by labor leaders, has been formed in Connecticut.

Experts have found many evidences of danger in food products in Connecticut.

A monument to the Confederate General Polk has been unveiled at Atlanta, Ga.

Illinois capitalists have bought 37,000 acres of land for \$500,000 in Cuba for a mule farm.

A genuine wild horse, with wool coat and scant mane and tail, has been received at the Paris Zoo.

At Beckton Road, in England, a boy was playing with a menagerie lion when it bit off one of his hands.

The joint Army and Navy maneuvers in New York harbor have been fixed for the first eight days in September next.

Chicago Postoffice Clerks' Union, of the American Federation of Labor, has drafted an appeal to the President and Postmaster-General for less work and more pay.

By the Kaiser's desire, fully fitted ambulance trains have been placed a seventy-five German railway stations and telephonic communication has been made with local doctors.

Organized labor in Omaha, Neb., has moved into its new labor temple. The temple soon to be erected at New Castle, Pa., will have an auditorium to seat 2000 people. At Indianapolis, Ind. the unions are to erect a \$50,000 labor temple.

Leeds, England, has four lady blacksmiths, the daughters of a blacksmith who has taught them the trade. Four other daughters left the business of their marriage. The girls work five hours a day, during which time they make several gross of hooks.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Football practice has begun at the University of Chicago.

W. C. Whitney has a string of twenty-one horses in training in England.

Signs of renewed activity among the cyclists of New York City have been many.

Cycle racing has had its inception for the season on the track at Valhalla, N. Y.

C. B. Cory, of Boston, has won the chief cup in the golf tournament at Pinehurst, N. C.

Billy Hamilton, the Phillies' former great run-getter, has signed with the New York Baseball Club.

The Okoboji tribe of Indians, professional wing shots, will hold their meet at Battle Creek in August or September.

The famous broodmare Waxana, dam of Sunol, 2:08 1/4, died recently at Palo Alto. Ten of her produce have been sold for \$80,000.

Jake Gaudaur, the sculler, who injured his shoulder, will probably never row again. He has been asked to coach the Vancouver Rowing Club.

The Boston American League Club has signed Charles A. Ciancy, of Westbury, R. I., a young pitcher, who is reported to be of rare promise.

Columbia will not row Annapolis this year, and will uphold Pennsylvania in her decision to hold the junior varsity race at Philadelphia, and not at Ithaca.

Albert R. Shattuck, President of the Automobile Club of America, in a letter to members urges the necessity of observing the eight mile speed limit in cities.

The Grand Circuit of the National Cycling Association will open this year on July 4 and continue until September 15, furnishing nearly two and a half months of continuous racing for the professional sprinters.

Since 1895 Great Britain has received from the United States an average of 50,000 horses annually. Our exports have included trotters, pacers, roadsters, runners, draught horses, and, in fact, horses of all sorts which were capable either of rendering immediate service or of being used advantageously for breeding purposes.